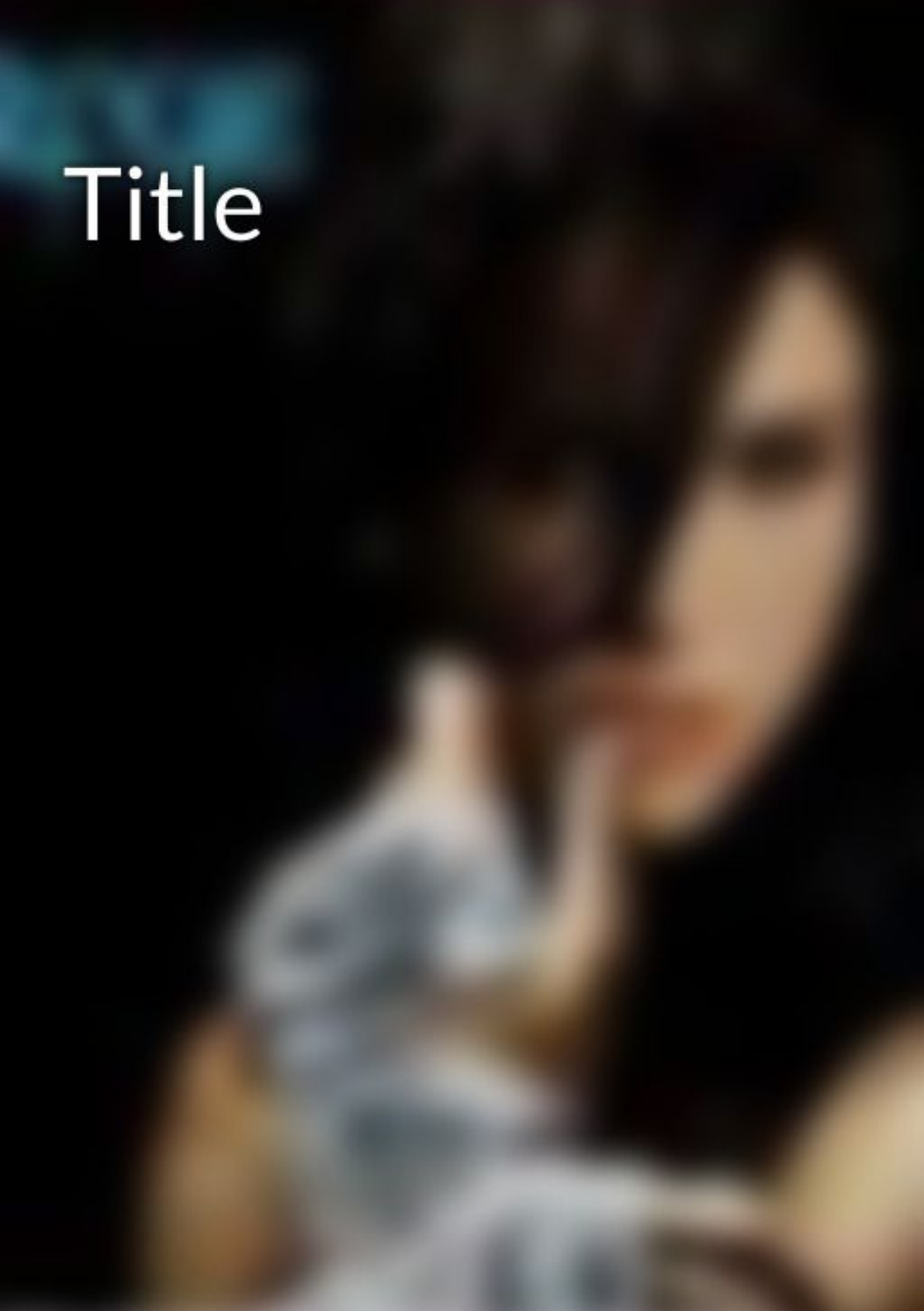
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Chapter 1

Daddy, Why Can't You See? {my first ever poem}

Daddy Why Can't You See?

Early in the morning, I rise out of bed.

My eyelids the same as ever, heavy as lead.

The sweet scent of breakfast fills the air and my nose,

So I follow it downstairs, to the kitchen I go.

Arms outstretched to feel the way,

I reach my chair as "good morning" I say.

A peck on the cheek from my darling dear wife,

Whole or not whole, her love plentiful. Rife.

Tinkling laughter, sweet joy to my soul,

As my darling girl joins, us the family now whole.

As my wife gets up singing, so as breakfast she'll cook,

My little girl hands me something, "Look daddy, look!"

All becomes quiet, the silence so rude,

As it saddens my little girl, ruins her mood.

Hands holding my face, as she climbs on my knee,

She leans in and whispers, "Daddy why can't you see?"

* * * * * * * * * *

My first ever poem. Let me know what you think!

XmoroccangalX

xoxoxo

Chapter 2

LIFE'S LESSON

only my second poem ever. this one means alot to me so i would really appreciate tohear what you think.

thanks in advance.

* ** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LIFE'S LESSON

Why love, grow attached and care?

When you know it's all in vein,

And you become strained

When you realise it just ends in pain?

Its all the same.

Teachers, strangers, boys, friends,

Parents, siblings, none of it depends

On how well they think they know you

Or how much they really 'care'.

Because when it comes down to it,

Who's really there?

Who sees the pain cutting deep behind

The masks and fake smiles as you try to hide,

Hide the despair.

Who actually really knows you?

Your true likes? Dislikes? Hopes? Fears?

Who understands you, accepts you,

And is just happy for the fact that you're there?

Because if you truly and honestly can answer

These questions and know who is there,

Hold them close.

Hold them dear

For I fear that you may lose them,

Or that they will lose you.

It's happened to me time and time again

Over they years so I know what I say is true.

The constant pain and isolation

Has eaten away at my heart.

Surrounded by people,

Yet they never seem to hear

Me cry out for someone to care

For me, to give me a fresh start.

This constant isolation

And being let down

Has slowly yet surely

Helped my anger become my permanent

State of being, hating the world.

Constantly trying to disguise my feelings, and the fact

Is i've succeeded so well

I don't know what's true and what's an act.

It's turned my heart into a heavy stone

A burden on my empty chest

As the lesson I had learnt over the years

Was etched into the empty throne

That once held my now dead heart of stone;

Don't trust, and you wont get let down.

To care, to trust, to love,

Is simply to set yourself up for disappointment,

To see the white dove

Turn black as you give in

To the empty whole that's been expanding

Inside of you, as to let yourself hope

is to let yourself sin.

Why put yourself through

The hassle of taking your time

To get to know someone, to let them see

The true you that is hidden beneath the façade

When most turn their backs at the

First sign of hurdles or troubles

And true responsibility as your friend.

Why is it so hard for them

To stand by your side?

Why do they run away and ditch you?

Turn on you once they know all your secrets?

Expose your weakness?

They play you, betray you

To the ones who love to mock and disguise.

Knowing I did this to my self

Has taunted me all my life.

Listen to life as it preaches to you;

Don't trust, and you won't get let down.

Sometimes its not even man

That does this to you.

Sometimes fate likes to play with you

Build up your happiness, unstable you

Just for life to knock you down

See you fall, crumble

As it takes away your loved ones.

The ones you love and cherish, the ones

Who have moulded you

Into the person you've become.

You can never again stand at the window

Watch them coming and smile

Happy and content saying 'here they come!'

Those days are over

Before they've even truly begun.

This is why I've learnt to leave some

Of that love for people behind.

This is why I've learnt to be

Detached

Unhinged

Isolated from the world and humanity.

Because to love them

To care for anyone is now truly hard for me

As I see it's to set yourself up for despair

To be distraught.

After they're gone and theirs nothing you can do

As life's lesson is taught;

Don't trust and you won't get let down.

Don't trust.

Don't trust your emotions and feelings

To stay reasonable and tamed.

Don't trust easily in the ones around you

For when you get hurt, when you're let down

There is no one to be blamed

But yourself.

For you brought on this pain,

This suffering

This loneliness

You set yourself up unknowingly

And now you suffer substantially.

So listen.

Listen. Listen to the message.

Embed it in your heart before life painfully

And cruelly does so for you;

Don't trust, and you wont get let down.

Chapter 3

who sees behind her smile?

who sees behind her smile?

who sees behind her smile,

the one she beams all day?

who sees, without denial,

her pain that's come to stay?

who sees behind the laughter;

the lie that all is well?

who sees that even after,

her pain that still does dwell?

who sees behind her kind words,

that strengthen those in need?

who sees, no matter how blurred,

her youth trampled with speed?

and all her smiles and laughter,

they help her play so well,

this game of hiding feelings,

at which she does excel.

no one can guess her feelings,

no one sees her despair.

no one sees she's not healing,

no one - *in truth* - does care.

* * * * * * * * * *

depressing poem for a depressing day. rather take it own on a poem than on my beloved characters.

luv, X

Chapter 4

Her Shadow Hidden Truth

She smiled and watched them chatter away,

Grimacing at her sham euphoria.

She watched them talk and followed their walk

To the others who'd join the fray.

She watched them laugh and fool around,

And smiled in bitter dismay.

Whilst the sun beat down upon her brow

Her truth wouldn't murmur a sound.

She watched her walk back home again,

Where she knew it would all change.

She watched her smile and play awhile

Till to her room she did attend.

With the sun well hidden and out of sight,

She came out of her hiding.

She curled up in bed and buried her head

As she cried from sadness and fright.

She cried until her eyes turned grey,

And wiped away her tears.

The day would come when the hiding was done

And the *real* her would walk in the day.

Chapter 5

The Rage of Her Pain

The scream reverberates around her skull,

Choking her, deafening her, killing her.

She screams in anger, frustration and pain,

Whilst the world slips by and her friends remain

Ignorant to her fury, her pain and her blood curdling lust

For a way out, a chance to let all the steam go before she combusts.

Before it's too late and she goes insane

And will no longer be able to refrain

From these urges she gets to cause colossal pain

To those that never seem to see past her façade.

She's losing herself, her sense and morals she ingrained

Into her being so she couldn't complain

But now it's all gone; it's shattered and slain.

That hope she once had for things to be the same

As they were before all this blinding pain.

Now she truly believes she is able to slay

She feels she could kill and replay and replay

And nothing would ever make her feel this way

Again. They wouldn't be able to stop her rage,

Or her silent and deadly killing rampage.

Shed rather kill others than encage all her pain.

Rather the others lost to the evil game

That was commencing and killing fro within her brain

Slowly cutting short all the cells that are sane.

She struggles so hard against it, but it's all in vain

For never again will she ever refrain.

When this unbearable rage shatters her name

And replaces all thought made by her soul that is strained

She has finally been violently overcome by her rage and her pain.

---

sorry if this makes no sense. i just had to get something off my chest and this is the result 5 minutes later, literally. i havent even changed it or even read over it.

Chapter 6

Her Hate

I hate the people around me, and I hate the people I'm around.

I hate that they don't hear me whether I'm quiet or extremely loud.

I hate that they pretend and fake, to be all nice and friendly.

I hate that by the time I've figured it out their friendship's become deadly.

I hate how they link arms with me and pretend to love care.

I hate how when I need them most they're never really there.

I hate how I must know about every struggle for which she's braced.

I hate how she's never even bothered to ask how *I* feel, what *I've* faced.

I hate that there's so much of me I feel that I must shield.

I hate that I feel my secrets are mine and that for no one can I yield.

I hate that I don't trust enough to let new friendships flower.

I hate that others don't try to either, that they don't have the power.

I hate having to pretend and smile like everything is okay.

I hate that I feel desperate that someone will see past that some day.

I hate that they believe every lie about my life that I do tell.

I hate that they will never know the truths I've hidden so very well.

I hate how they all fear me, and so try to use me as protection.

I hate how they don't understand how much I lack attention.

I hate how I *know* I'll never trust enough to speak of my life itself

I hate how for this reason I can't complain and have no one to blame but myself

I hate that I feel hate so much and wish I wasn't so blue.

I hate that even my best friends don't and won't have a clue

I hate that if they saw this; they'd smile and think it wasn't true.

Chapter 7

my friend roshkat

MY FRIEND ROSHKAT

You cheer me up when I feel down

You make me smile, my sorrows you drown

You comment on everything, good or bad

You say it like it is, for this I'm glad

You help me when I need it, your always there

You never say no, so I know you care

You exaggerate my skills and promote my work

You put up with my lateness, though it drives people berserk

You take the time to keep in touch

And for all this I love you, friend, very very much

I hope one day I can pay you back

My magnificent friend Elena, aka roshkat

* * * * * * * * * *

just a little something to show my appreciation. i know it sounds like a 2 year old wrote it but i needed it to be simple and to the point.

i hope your mood improves soon, redally, miss talkin to you already!

luv, X

Chapter 8

Bella Jacob and Edward Suck

---

i had a little twilight hating moment, lol

Bella, Jacob and Edward suck

Stupid girls adore them

Who gives a *uck?!

Bella the stupid melodramatic slug

Thinks by being with Edward she's now a thug

Acting like an invincible loved up cow

Venice in a night, what's next? Moscow?!

Spoiled little brat is what she is

So, good on Edward! Now she's his

He can deal with her pathetic whines

It's his bloody fault, he missed all the signs

That told him to leave her she's a useless fool

And yet he still fights for the stupid toadstool

Jacob is a big headed, egotistical *ick

He bums off Bella till he makes me sick

'I love you Bella' and he promises her babies

Personally i'd rather not have a kid with rabies

He wags his tail and pricks his ears

And licks her *ss to clear her fears

I feel like crying for how piss-taking they all are

From freaking Twilight I now stay afar

I swear, if I hear the word 'sparkle' one more time

My temper is going to reach its prime

I can't stand a single one of these losers

There all delusional and a bunch of users

To be fair, they *are* just fictional fools

Their obsessive fans are the ones who are mules

They're like brainless donkeys that have no brains

They copy each other and drive me insane

They obsess over RB as if he's 'the one'

I want to scream 'RB is not Edward! Are you dumb?!'

When will they see that Edward and Jacob ARENT REAL

They're just ink on paper; that's the deal

They're not your boyfriend, so get yourself a life

And maybe find a guy that's not from the wildlife?!?

Finds some friends too, that would be nice

I suggest ones *without* hearts of ice

I feel sorry for them and their irrational feeling

What will they do when Jacob stops healing?

Because I plan to chop his tail off and hang it over my fire

And shoot the next person who says the word 'vampire'

---

lol its sad cos i actually liked twilight at first, and the collection is still sitting n my shelf seeing as i paid alot of money to buy them.when i first read it nobody had even heard of twilight. its all the obsessed fans that really tick me off and made me come to hate it. i still read vampire fiction, but twilight for me is no more. if you like it, good on you and my prayers are with you. :p

Chapter 9

What's Missing? (The Hole)

What's Missing?

The hole in my chest continues to grow

I wish I knew what it was that I'm missing

What it is that keeps me tripping. Questioning my sanity

I hide it away as best as I can, no has ever suspected

That I cry myself to sleep, so much I've now accepted

I'll never find what it is that's left this giant whole

The missing piece that I feel like someone stole

Its wrong. It shouldn't be like this.

I shouldn't feel like I've lost my hapiness.

I never even really had it

So why do I feel like I need to grab it

And hang on to it tight and never let go

And sew it to my heart till the hole doesn't show

That I'm broken in pieces; a holograms what's there

That's what people see, the one they think doesn't care

That she's happy being alone, she's completely 'self-reliant'

They don't understand I'm horribly lonely,

totally scared and just about ready to give in to the tyrant

I need some one to see through it desperately

Someone to hold me tight, convince me

That I'm not alone, that someone out there really does care

That sometime in the future, my burdens will be shared

That somone will come, and hold my hand through it all

The safety and strenght of my soldier, answering my call

But, when I'm done, and the cries are silenced

The pain is burried beneath the violence

The solid wall is back up in place

The sadness and hollowness wiped off of my face

They wish they were like me, content with being alone

They just don't understand, I need the love that they're shown

Someone to understand me, see right to my soul

To never let go and pull me out of this hole

To lovingly patch up my happiness and safe feeling

To keep me from being lost, and maybe start believing

That I won't spend the rest of eternity in grieving

For the loss of something I wasn't even aware of recieving

I cannot describe or explain what it is I've lost

Just know I will find it, whatever cost

If I don't, then its simply just not meant to be

And this every expanding hole, will finally consume me

Hmmmm....I don't even know where this came from to be honest. One minute I'm tossing and turning unable to sleep, next I've written down this gigantic piece on the word app on my phone!

Nevertheless....thoughts and opinions would be greatly appreciated!

Thanx a bunch dudes

P&L, X

About the Author

XmoroccangalX